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Literature

Morley's "English Writers." Vol. VIII. *

THE CROWDED STORY of English literature becomes more and more full of detail as Prof. Morley approaches the Reformation. The seven volumes preceding the one before us had comparatively limited areas to cover. They companied more or less briefly with the 'climbers towards the light,' though they cover seven hundred years with verse and prose. Beginning with the great pagan and Christian soul of England as incarnated in Beowulf and Caedmon, in the Celtic poetry, in Bede, Alfred, and the Christian translators and paraphrasists of early centuries, the story swept on through two volumes to the ponderous period of the chronicles, Roger Bacon, and the literary monasteries, lightened by the playful lights and shadows of Norman romance, the beautiful Grail legends, and the sorrows and songs of Arthur. At the edge of the fourteenth century Dante looms across the whole horizon of Europe, illumining, like some vast radiation or spiritual presence, the English writers who fill the third volume of Prof. Morley's story. It required two volumes to hold the brimming, joyous spirit of Chaucer, the solemn ghost of Gower, the Biblically-featured Wyclif, the passionate, alliterative, allegorical Langland. These stream forth their light over their scarcely whispering contemporaries like the great emblem-figures of some glorious mediæval apse or chantry-window, holding spell-bound the worshipping congregation in front of it. In Volume V. we hear of Lollards and Lollardry, of the desolating Civil War, of Scotch rebellions, of the fall of Constantinople (rising as a spiritual phoenix again all over Europe), of the first sweet music of the Italian Renaissance, of the wondrous inspirations following the feet of Columbus no less than those of Luther, and of the invention of Caxton's art. The next volume was all too narrow a mausoleum over the spirit and remains of Greek study in England, of Bible translations scattered broadcast in home and household, of men who wrote and wrestled for the ideal Commonwealth, and who filled the air with the breath of English freedom. The Seventh Book showed the finer scholarship of England gradually growing to perfection, new forms of literature rising, kings and princes preparing to use their pens for religious and intellectual liberty, reform grown into an irresistible vehemence and power, literature become an ardent and mighty instrument ready to throw off every form of sparkling spiritual product. England had not been glowing for three hundred years without danger of ultimately bursting into a blaze. In Elizabeth's time—the time, partly, of the Eighth Book—the volcano became active, and such splendor as the world has not seen since, and which even the temples of Pericles and the churches of the Medici were not lighted with, broke forth from its bowels.

The unflagging industry with which Prof. Morley has pursued all this is truly admirable. Vol. VIII. reaches the year 1579 and Spenser, to whom the next volume is to be principally devoted; and Shakespeare and his contemporaries will require a brace of volumes which must prove exceedingly interesting. The author writes his annals by

* English Writers. By Henry Morley. Vol. VIII. From Surrey to Spenser. \$1.50. Cassell Publishing Co.

generations, as part of the life of the land, the later books covering from thirty to forty or sixty years each and recording the growth of the nation in successive stages, just as the life of the individual would pass through infancy, childhood, youth, and the various subdivisions of maturity and senility. The present book contains much instructive discussion on Italian influence and art forms, on Euphemism (in which Prof. Morley combats Landmann's view that it is 'Guevarism' transplanted to England), on Surrey and Wyatt in their pioneer elaboration of the sonnet and of blank-verse, the rising Miscellanies of the time, such as Tottel's, the growth of masques and interludes and the rise of modern English drama and comedy, and the northern reformers. A rapid view is given of affairs in England and on the Continent at the accession of Elizabeth—of Knox, Calvin, Latimer, Udall, Cranmer, Ascham, and Parker; Fox and his martyrs are described and discussed; the translations of Seneca, Virgil, Ovid, the Psalms, the Bible are given their due influence in forming the taste of the age; and the prominent part played by Lyly and Ascham is abundantly illustrated by biographical and critical details. It was the golden age of chronicles, compilations, and collections of verse,—of Holinshead, Harrison, Campion, and Stow. Sidney and Raleigh close the period with their luminous and heroic figures, and another stage of Prof. Morley's literary pilgrimage is attained.

Boyesen's "Essays on German Literature" *

THE FASCINATION exercised by Goethe is like that which, in the legend, rivets the eye to the many-changing opal. Whichever side of him you look at,—scientific, lyrical, æsthetic, spiritual, human,—shoots forth a sudden light unlike that of any other writer. Goethe is a living opal who warms as you hold him in your fingers and shines with the lustre of the mystic cat's-eye—that myopic jewel that lets forth instantaneous gleams when you are least expecting them.

Prof. Boyesen feels the fascination of Goethe as Prof. Blackie, or Matthew Arnold, or Richard Holt Hutton does: Goethe is the magnet about which all Germany and all Germans arrange themselves in magnetic curves, the one man of all Germany whom all Germans love and worship. One half of Prof. Boyesen's book is filled with this titanic personality, so genial in its many-sidedness, so olympian in its serenity, so colossal in its repose, its culture, and its selfishness. Goethe lies like a Father Nile at the sources of modern German life, a sunny god dispensing good weather through tempestuous German thought—the most normal if not the most moral man of modern times. He was the apostle of culture as Buddha was of self-renunciation, as Mohammed was of self-indulgence, as Jesus was of altruism. This god of German intellectual life was supremely selfish while he was supremely generous, a combination of systole and diastole, of out-giving and in-drawing, of communication and incommunicableness unparalleled in literary history. Everything—man or woman—that came near him was a tribute-bearer, in the attribute of slaves bearing platters in the Egyptian-hieroglyphics: to all Goethe gave a gentle squeeze and made all yield to him like a sponge. The women he loved reappear—glorified, to be sure—as Clärchen or Iphigenia, as Leonora or Gretchen, their radiant spirits passing into the form of immortal poesy, into Mignons or *Römische Idyllen*. The men with whom he associated—Herder, Jacobi, and others—were eaten to the husk by this æsthetic anthropophagus and then thrown aside, as the locust leaves his film hanging to a tree while the singing spirit wings away. Schiller happily died before the delicate antennæ of his 'friend' had sucked him dry. Frederike, Lili, Frau von Stein,—the way of Goethe is strewn with lovely wrecks like these, above whom only the cairn of a letter, an episode, a poem, lies as indicator that a god has passed by. At such expense was Goethe's 'serenity' attained! He dabbled in

* Essays on German Literature. By H. H. Boyesen. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.

art, in physics, in metaphysics that he might see around the periphery of these sciences and take in their horizons if not their details; and then dropped them. Before him Prof. Boyesen prostrates himself rather uncritically, apparently prepared to take Goethe all in all as a *suprema lex*. People who are not prepared for this unlimited sovereignty are not 'Goethe-ripe,' in the rather silly phrase invented by Auerbach to show the measure of one's Goethe-hood. Defend us from a civilization that is 'Goethe-ripe,'—ready to swallow everything Goethe said or did as fundamentally good! Prof. Boyesen, however, has many delightful chapters on the great German, on English translations of him (Bayard Taylor's he thinks the best), on problems in Goethe, Carlyle's misconceptions of the poet as shown by the 'Carlylese' into which he translated the beautiful, flowing, harmonious sentences of Goethe, and on the English estimates of him. The rather coarse chapter on Goethe's 'Relations to Women' needs a little pruning, we fancy, here and there.

How really healthful on the whole Goethe was, emerges with singular emphasis when we enter the twilight world of the German Romanticists,—that world of *larvæ* flitting in the moonshine, of disembodied mysticism trying to reëmbodify itself in concrete tale and legend, of Novalis and the Blue Flower, of Tieck, Friedrich Schlegel, the Boy's Wonderhorn, and sentimental mediævalism generally: all reactionary or recessive from the light disseminated by the cold, crystal genius of Lessing. Unhealth, however, is sometimes as beautiful as health; German romanticism, pitilessly laughed at and profoundly indulged in by Heine, is full of an unearthly charm of its own,—the charm of isolated poem and epigram, of mysterious legend and longing, of recoil from an over-noisy world, of self-withdrawal and introspection. Goethe did not escape from its thralldom: scene on scene of 'Faust' is built of its congealed moonshine; and Schiller drinks deep of its mossy Hippocrenes. Prof. Boyesen is evidently enamoured of certain features of romanticism, as one might find the profile of Medusa noble without looking into her deadly eyes. Right through its heart ran a streak of paganism, revealed in its mania for 'imperfect marriages,' for elective affinities, for the dissolution of lawful wedlock, and the dissemination of wild principles like those of Schlegel's 'Lucinde.' This of course was but a natural working out of Goethe's theory and practice of loving,—that 'serene old pagan' and polygamist.

In his discussions of 'The Evolution of the German Novel' we have interesting paragraphs on the essential connection between the ancient epic tales in verse,—Gudrun, Niebelungen Lied, Parzifal, and the *minnesinger* work,—and the modern novel and romance; a fact often overlooked. Part of Boccaccio's inimitable tales, it has been pointed out, are capable of reconstruction as Italian verse, just as it is difficult to say whether Aelfric wrote in Anglo-Saxon alliterative prose or in verse. The peculiarity of Spielhagen, Freytag, and the longer-winded German novelists is, as Prof. Boyesen points out, that of the promulgation of some form of philosophy in novelistic form, following the impulse given by Goethe in 'Wilhelm Meister.' Apparently Prof. Boyesen thinks this highly desirable. We do not. Philosophical novels are apt to be failures both as philosophy and as novel-writing: witness Novalis's 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen,' 'Daniel Deronda' and 'Felix Holt' are perhaps the least successful of George Eliot's novels.

The proof-reading of the book is rather careless in the conflicting spellings or misspellings of such names and words as *Christiane* and *Christine* Vulpius (pp. 160 and 172, where we notice descendant), *Bartch* (p. 219), Thackeray's 'Newcombes' (p. 232), *aesthetic* (p. 236: elsewhere *æsthetic*), *dictipied* (p. 247), *Plattdeutsch* (*sic*, p. 260), *Ulrike* and *Ulricke* on opposite pages (268-9), *Herz* and *Hertz* (300-301), *märchens* (twice, pp. 339-40), etc. But we have to thank Prof. Boyesen for a most agreeable book.

"Cardinal Manning"*

THE EXCELLENT series of English Leaders of Religion is enriched by a fresh volume treating of a great soul. Intelligent men of all shades of opinion will welcome the life-story of Cardinal Manning. Those who have read the distinguished prelate's letters will enjoy still more this full, judicious and pleasantly-written biography. Outwardly the book comes to us in the highly satisfactory form common to good English book-making. It has a well-executed phototype portrait which compels study. The author, Arthur Wollaston Hutton, shows himself to be a skilled *littérateur*, who understands proportion and has a charming mixture of the critical and the sympathetic in his style. He outlines the boyhood and education of Manning and describes, without undue detail but with many a racy anecdote, his twenty years' life as a clergyman in the Anglican Church. In these days, and even to his last hour, Manning believed that 'the Church' was the divine organization of society on earth, and deserved above all things strenuous support and veneration. He married in 1833, when twenty-five years old, a young and beautiful woman, who died childless in 1837. How he lived and worked as Archdeacon of Chichester, how he migrated to Rome and began his forty years' service in the Roman Catholic Church is clearly told. The supreme idea dominating Manning's mind was the divine and absolute idea of unity in the Church. This idea overshadowed all others. To him there could not be two rightful claimants for the vicarate of God, any more than there could be two suns in the same heaven. To him then, as soon as the Anglican establishment seemed as the moon, and the Roman ecclesiastical corporation the sun, there was no choice. The biographer very felicitously delineates and illustrates his career both as papal agent in England and as a true servant of Christ. His multifarious labors and his amazing literary industry are well set forth. Like a set of illustrations are the admiring or critical pen-pictures of the prelate transcribed from contemporary writers of all kinds. As a priest Manning lived and as a priest he died. Within a few hours of his death, he desired to be duly vested with the imposing millinery of his office and profession—'a complete museum of ecclesiastical curiosities'—as Dean Stanley would have said, but donned by the dying man for the purpose of making solemn profession, symbolical but real, of the faith of the Holy Roman Church. In him England lost 'a venerable figure, the Church a great ruler, the poor a true friend, and the world a prophet of righteousness.' Bibliography and index equip worthily this able and interesting monograph.

A Plea for English†

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE have not yet recognized the literature of England as a fit subject for university study. There exist chairs of English philology at these great seats of learning, but no chair is provided for literature. That such a chair ought to be established is the special plea made by Mr. Churton Collins in 'The Study of English Literature.' There is no more impressive anomaly than the fact that such a book was needed. Of course the argument is clear and cogent, as most of Mr. Collins's writing is; but it would seem hardly necessary to devote much space to proving one of the minor points of the discussion,—the possibility of framing examination questions that shall be at once disciplinary and exhaustive. To this phase of the matter a large part of the book is given up. Although the issue raised is chiefly a local one, and although we in America are accustomed to think we have solved the problem of teaching English literature, there is still a great deal in the book that is most important to any one interested in the intelligent study of so great a theme. It would be of vast benefit if all our universities could support such loft-

* Cardinal Manning. By A. W. Hutton. 6s. (English Leaders of Religion.) Methuen & Co.

† The Study of English Literature. By John Churton Collins. 8s. Macmillan & Co.

ily conceived courses of English as Mr. Collins insists are the ideal ones: contemplating on the one hand the absolute severance of literature and philology; on the other hand the necessity of teaching English literature not alone but in direct connection with the literatures of Greece, Rome, Italy and France. These are points that but few American colleges take into practical consideration (Columbia, where Mr. Brander Matthews has just been appointed to a newly created professorship, is the most notable exception); and therefore Mr. Collins's vigorous book has a message for us as well as for England.

Loyola and the Jesuits *

THIS BOOK IS ONE of a series on the Great Educators, edited by Prof. N. M. Butler of Columbia College. Some of the educators whose lives and work it is proposed to treat of are not really entitled to be called great; but all have some prominence in educational history, and the series as a whole promises to be useful. The volume now before us gives an account of one of the most remarkable educational systems ever established, and being written by a member of the Society of Jesus, who is also a professor in the St. Louis University, it may be accepted as authoritative. The activity of the Jesuits, as is well-known, is by no means confined to education, politics and missionary work being quite as prominent in their programme; but their system of education is one of great efficiency, and has had no little influence on the educational methods of the world at large, so that the book describing it must be regarded as one of the most important in the series to which it belongs. Mr. Hughes has treated his subject with great thoroughness, and though his style is not free from faults, his work will interest all who are interested in education. Of course he is a partisan of his Order; but his partisanship is not at all offensive, and the tone of his book is excellent.

He begins with a sketch of Loyola's life and work, so far as education is concerned, and the origin and final establishment of the Society of Jesus are carefully set forth. Then follows an account of Loyola's early successors in the headship of the Order and of the progress of its educational system down to the year 1599, when the *Ratio Studiorum*, the plan of study ultimately decided upon, was promulgated and made obligatory by the then head of the Society, Aquaviva. Mr. Hughes shows what extreme care and deliberation were used in drawing up the plan, several of the ablest thinkers and teachers in the Order having been occupied with it for fifteen years before its final adoption; and he then proceeds through several chapters to give an account of the plan itself, treating in detail of the education of the professors, the education of the ordinary scholars, the courses in divinity and philosophy, the literary work of the Jesuits and many other aspects of his complex theme. Minds of a more liberal tendency will by no means agree with him as to the propriety of all the ends aimed at in the educational system he describes; for though they will accept his view that morality and religion ought to be prime factors in education, they cannot accept his religion as the true one. Moreover, some things in the Jesuitical system, such as the excessive prominence given to the Latin language and the formal syllogistic method of argumentation, are anachronisms, and cause much waste of time and energy. Nevertheless, the method which the Jesuits employ, when considered as a whole, is for its purposes a most efficient one, as is evident not only from its results but also from the description of it that is here given; and there may be points in it that could be advantageously adopted in the higher schools generally. At the present time, when educational aims and methods are so much under discussion, light ought to be sought from every quarter; and we commend this book therefore to the attention of American educators.

* *Loyola and the Educational System of the Jesuits.* By the Rev. Thomas Hughes. St. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Men, Mines and Animals in South Africa" *

FULL OF IRREPRESSIBLE animal spirits, the vigorous young British politician, who is wise enough to be (in the eyes of his opponents) an entertaining fool, when it serves his purpose, leaving Parliament and London behind him last year, hied him away to the land of Boers, diamonds and ostriches, at the gold-tipped end of the Dark Continent. His letters home to the London *Daily Graphic* showed that he has a pen as powerful as his tongue. One indeed wonders whether he has not mistaken his calling as a politician, and ought not to continue to explore and write for the myriad readers of the daily press. In an amusing preface, Lord Randolph shows the danger of joking. The average member of the British public takes a jest too seriously, or at least in a belated manner. In point of chronology of perception, the Briton is far behind the Yankee. The point of a joke has been enjoyed and is over with an American when first visible above the horizon of an Englishman's mind. An Englishman is voted a 'back-number' by Americans in the matter of seeing a joke. Happening to venture a witticism on the origin of the female sex, Lord Churchill was so earnestly controverted by grave and serious journals like *The Spectator* and *The Speaker* that he has suppressed from book-form this and other jests, so as to withdraw from competition with Darwin.

Handsomely printed in large type, and with scores of illustrations, a folding map and an index, the book contains a crackling story of adventure and research. With eyes wide open, zeal for fun and novelty, a firm belief in the divinity of 'British interests' and the manifest destiny of Great Britain in the occupation of the greater portion of Africa, if not of the whole earth, our author holds his whip and lines bravely, and drives his team with little respect for opposing opinions. He gives a most interesting picture of the gold and diamond mines, and the various processes for converting ore and gravel into pounds, shillings and pence. In Transvaal, where the Dutchmen have built up a Biblical republic and are intoxicated with the ideas of patriarchal democracy and liberty, our John Bull was not happy. He wants the land redeemed from 'the withering grasp of the Boer'—i. e., brought under the British Crown. Since, however, the boys and horses grow up together, from infancy, and the men are as well acquainted with rifles as were the American 'boers' of 1776, and since these Afrianders love their liberty and do not see through the spectacles of John Bull, they are yet unconquered. In fact, they decline to be as Sepoys and Burmese and other subjects of the Queen.

The chapters on trekking, hunting, lion-shooting, and other phases of sport and travel are full of incident and interest, and there are no dull pages in the book. Evidently his lordship was not a crack-shot. His spending of twenty-seven cartridges to bring down one antelope reminds us of Adirondack observations, in which we saw nickel-plated huntsmen from New York, with a whole arsenal and such a squandering of ammunition as furnished their guides with fun for a winter, fail to secure a single buck. All the more is it enjoyable that the author laughs at jokes which are at his own expense. Being a most companionable narrator, we vote the author a good fellow, and his book one of the 'most interesting volumes of travels issued this year.'

Theological and Religious Literature

THE 'OXFORD MOVEMENT' in Anglican ecclesiastical history is still a subject of interest to many students, and possesses a special fascination for all those who remember the actors in it. The literature of the subject has received several notable additions during the past five years, and the end is not yet. 'The Autobiography of Isaac Williams, B.D., who was the author of several of the 'Tracts for the Times,' is edited and sent forth by his brother-in-law, the venerable Sir George Prevost, late Archdeacon of Gloucester. The editor has preserved the original preface—which shows that the author wrote for his children,—and also adds notes of per-

* *Men, Mines and Animals in South Africa.* By Lord Randolph S. Churchill. Hs. D. Appleton & Co.

sonal recollections of the great participants in the movement, especially of John Keble. There are also letters from Cardinal Newman, a sermon of John Keble's, a chapter on the poetry professorship, and another on the condemnation of Dr. Pusey's sermon. The little book is, in one sense, like a tantalizing lightning-flash. It casts a strong light upon the theme treated and the times described, only to make us yearn for a good long day of sunlight which shall fall, not on the smaller actors, but on the great Keble, whose life in his letters has not yet been photographed for the public. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—THE CRITIC has already reviewed an American translation of Hermann Lotze's 'Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion,' by Profs. Brastow and Ladd of Yale, published in 1883. The English edition now before us is by the daughter of Max Müller, the late Mrs. F. C. Conybeare of Oxford, and has been edited by her husband. Whereas the American edition was in somewhat condensed form, being made from 'dictated portions' of Lotze's lectures, this present work is a complete rendering into English of the German original as given in the first posthumous edition. It is prefaced with a full analysis of the eight chapters, which adds greatly to the utility of the work. In the introduction the editor furnishes a touching outline of the life of his gifted wife. Lotze's philosophy culminates in the recognition of Jesus as divine (p. 172); yet 'in affirming that Christ is the Son of God, we merely express our conviction of the unique importance which Christ and His relation to God have for mankind; we cannot define either the one or the other.' (90 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

BISHOP WM. INGRAHAM KIP of California, who has reached the ripe age of eighty-one and is the author of several acceptable books, seems to get ahead of old Chronos and compel him to be servant. Still living in hale old age, he sends forth what he intended to be a posthumous work. In 1859-60 he wrote 'The Early Days of My Episcopate,' intending to leave the manuscript to his family for publication after he had died and the generation of which it speaks had passed away. Meeting now the generation whom he had made his heirs, he yields to the solicitations of many friends of the olden time who are still living, and makes this ante-mortem statement, as it were. Descended from the Huguenots who first found asylum in the old Netherland and later a home in the New, he tells of his appointment as Bishop in 1852 and of his voyage in the ship *Golden Gate*, via the Isthmus, to San Diego, and thence to San Francisco. The city of promise had passed through its first stage of canvas and scantling, and was then rejoicing in its cosmopolitan architecture, consisting of rows of wooden cottages from Boston, châteaux from France, a lofty cut-granite edifice imported from China, and a house whose second floor projected ten feet over the first, from the German Fatherland. The city changed rapidly as it grew, and increasing wealth was the water which made the wilderness blossom like the rose. In lively and graceful style the story of the author's first social and ecclesiastical experiences is told, and his varied adventures in various parts of the State pictured. As a faithful mirror of the times the book will find many readers who will enjoy its bright pages as much as those who read it simply as a chapter of American church history. We find even a bishop (or is it a printer's devil?) talking about the 'Book of Revelations' (p. 122). (\$1.50. Thomas Whittaker.)

In 'THE PAULINE THEOLOGY,' Prof. George B. Stevens, Ph.D., D.D., of Yale University, has written a monograph of surprising freshness and stimulating interest. His work is 'a study of the origin and correlation of the doctrinal teachings of the Apostle Paul,' so far as we may judge of them by the extant Pauline writings. To the increasing number of Christian laymen and church-members who wish to get a good idea of Biblical, as distinct from dogmatic or systematic theology, Dr. Stevens's book may be heartily commended. While German in thoroughness and mastery of detail, there is nothing of the German professor manifested in that absence of style which Teutonic scholarship so often affects, or at least exhibits. On the contrary, the sentences are short and pointed, and the language well-chosen for the work in hand. Hence there is a neatness of presentation that suggests long and careful study both of the theme and its setting. Most of the contents of the book may be appraised as 'new theology,' in the sense of being Biblical, and not traditional. Paul's thoughts and statements are not tortured to fit into a preconceived system, or dumped into the hopper of that dogmatic theology which has had its day. The author, while showing what a fetish the theologians have made of Adam, gives us the data from which to form an intelligent opinion of what Paul meant by making use of Adam's name and doings, when the Master and His other Apostles never mention him. He also shows that while theologians like Augus-

tine and Calvin have laid huge emphasis on that line or side of the parallel which suited their ideas, they have failed to lay equal stress upon that line or side which there is some danger of *our* insisting upon too much. Probably the method and spirit of Prof. Stevens's whole volume are best set forth on page 135. He pleads for more than verbal exegesis, and justly condemns that time-honored method of making church creeds and theological seminary pledges, by piecing together texts taken at random from the Bible, and wrought after the similitude of a crazy-quilt. The particular thoughts of the Biblical writers have too long been employed as definitions of scientific truth. 'It is now generally conceded that scientific conceptions are not to be expected in Scripture.' In his opening chapter the author treats of Paul's conversion and its relation to his mission and theology, and in succeeding articles of his style and mode of thought, the shaping forces of his teaching, the sources of Pauline doctrine, and of the leading doctrines of the Christian faith. Though saturated with the spirit of German theology, Prof. Stevens often differs widely from the conclusions of his teachers, Pleiderer, Weiss, Neander and the rest, and shows himself a bold and independent thinker, as well as a reverent student of the original sources. A bibliography and indexes of texts, topics and names complete the outfit of a remarkable addition to American theology in particular and to Biblical theology in general. (\$2. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

THE REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D., the well-known pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, celebrates the fifteenth year of his fellowship by presenting to his congregation and to the public a portly volume of twenty sermons. The opening discourse gives the name to the volume, which is printed in large type suitable for eyes that are older than the author's own. Simple in style, and, as a rule, without the ornament of poetical quotation, or the garnishing of extracts from thinkers in prose, or any foot-notes, except references to the text of Scripture, they seem in our eyes just what the average man needs for his soul's hunger: they not only feed but inspire. Probably the sermon entitled 'The Element of Silence in Personal Religion' would best corroborate our judgment on the series. All are brief and pointed, and have one end in view, which is surely reached. 'The Perspective of Right Living' is a sermon such as only a wise and thoughtful man could write. Several of the sermons were preached on special occasions. 'The Recognition of Departed Greatness' befits the theme not only of Washington but of all who have left a name which the world does not willingly let die. ('Into His Marvellous Light.' \$1.50. Houghton Mifflin & Co.)

WITH THE NATURAL reaction of a scholar against the declamation both of sincere enthusiasts and of sectarian zealots, Mr. J. A. Farrar makes a searching comparison of the claims of 'Paganism and Christianity.' Between the Spirit of Christ and of historical Christianity he finds a difference amounting to absolute antithesis. He doubts the extent of the benefit claimed for the world as a consequence of the triumph of the Church under Constantine and Theodosius. He further disputes the moral revolution said to have been effected by the final overthrow of philosophy under Justinian. Starting out with the belief that Christianity, in the form in which it came to assume as Catholicism, did not improve in any essential respects the general state of the world, he gives us a suggestive picture of the classic world. He tells of pagan theology, religion, superstition, and morality. In a final chapter he discusses Christianity and civilization—not, indeed, in the usual style of pulpit discourse, yet very interestingly. In an appendix are given several poetical renderings of the thoughts of Plutarch, Seneca, Epictetus, and Epicurus. Mr. Farrar's treatment of a question as old as human thinking is fresh and stimulating, and will cause division at once in the camps alike of those who read and those who only taste. Some will brand the book as a compend of pure infidelity, and classify the author as among the malignant enemies of Christianity. Yet, while we think him not always fair or judicial in the handling of his facts, and count him as surely prejudiced as are many of his hostile critics, we still believe his work to be of value. In reality his argument amounts to a plea for a purer type of Christianity. The argument made by challenging that form of the Christian faith called Roman Catholicism, or the popular religion or orthodoxy, with the religions which the united church and state of Rome superseded, is a perfectly legitimate one. The book has a certain timeliness at this period, when the old shells and crusts of truth are being crushed and broken by the divine germs within. Many devout Christians, especially among those intellectually strong, will welcome this book, believing with the author that 'Christianity and Philosophy, which need never have been divided, may come, to the great benefit of the world, to be reunited and reconciled.' (\$1.75. Henry Holt & Co.)

ALL SPECIAL STUDENTS of the fourth Gospel will welcome a neat volume containing the essays of three such scholars as Ezra Abbot, Andrew P. Peabody and Joseph B. Lightfoot. The first paper on 'The Authorship of the Fourth Gospel,' by Dr. Ezra Abbot, the American scholar of Cambridge, Mass., who had no superior as a critic on either side of the Atlantic, is a classic. It is an exhaustive monograph dealing with the external evidences. Unfortunately the brilliant author did not live to write, as he had hoped to, on the subject of internal evidence. His expression of disappointment directed the special attention of his friend, Dr. Peabody, to the subject, who in treating it determined to consult no authority except the Gospel itself. The result of such study is that whereas Dr. Peabody already believed that John wrote the Gospel bearing his name, he now feels sure that no one but John could have written it. In style and substance, Dr. Peabody's essay is a unique combination of keen critical scholarship, thorough acquaintance with the subject from lifelong study of classic and New Testament Greek, profound reverence, and that peculiar ability which can come only from four-score years of acquaintance with human life. Unbent with the weight of years, and his mental force still unspent, the critic is able to judge of the internal evidences of Johannine authorship as no young man could. The paragraphs on pages 117-120 on the 'unmistakable tokens of senility' in the fourth Gospel are in point here, while the remarks on the blind man healed by Christ are both amusing and suggestive. One feels disposed, after reading it, to compile a book on 'The Street Characters in the Bible.' The essay by the Bishop of Durham on the authenticity and genuineness of the fourth Gospel is in his usual vein of fascinating scholarship, subtle insight and constructive ability. Apart from the attractions of this book to the thinking preacher, it may be recommended as wholesome medicine to those whose minds have been fed on such literary pabulum as 'Robert Elsmere' and 'The History of David Grieve'. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

'A LIBRARY OF CRITICAL LEARNING' in defense and confirmation of Christianity and the Bible is furnished in ten volumes containing a choice selection of 'living papers on present-day themes, Christian evidences, doctrines and morals.' The list of eminent authors is noticeable for the many names of experts and authorities, while the range of themes is very broad. As a rule the subjects are treated from the point of view of the conservative—we might say, in some cases, of the ultra-conservative—school, and the process of reasoning in particular instances is according to old-fashioned methods. Many of the themes are, however, handled with surprising freshness and ability. Among the essayists are Cairns, Row, Blackie, Noah Porter, Legge, Godet, Conder, Sayce, Muir, Bruce, Dawson, and Girdlestone. One table-of-contents, from a volume picked up at random from the decade, will serve to indicate the scope of the whole: the age and origin of man geologically considered; the rise and decline of Islam; the Mosaic authorship and credibility of the Pentateuch; the authenticity of the four Gospels; modern materialism; and Christianity and Buddhism compared in their teachings of the whole duty of man. Other volumes treat of Buddhism, evolution, positivism, socialism, the family, and almost every phase of the subjects of Christian theology and the Scriptures. There are, in all, sixty choice essays of highest value to the student, preacher and intelligent layman. They are full of nineteenth-century thought and the best of it. The books are printed in admirable English style, with good margins in which are set summaries of each paragraph, and the binding is neat and handsome. (F. H. Revell Co.)

'THE EVOLUTION OF LOVE,' by Emory Miller, D.D., LL. D., is not a novel, though the author's method is fresh and unhackneyed. It is not a religious or theological treatise, in the technical sense of the term; nor yet a collection of sermons; nor does it quote texts from the Bible, nor use much Biblical language. It is rather a philosophical discussion in graphic and picturesque style of the great theme of Being. 'An independent, perfectly self-determined ego or infinite Person' is the A of the author's alphabet of results in thinking; and the fact of revealed thought in 'the implications of being' is the evolution of love. The significance of man is his position as an exponent and beneficiary of that evolution. In studying the implications of love, the author treats of creation, the genesis and the solution of evil, the revelation of atoning fact, and eschatology. In illustrating the revelation of atoning fact, or the work of reconciliation between man and God wrought by Jesus, the author gives an interesting conspectus of the method of rationalists, especially the Germans, who have tried to discredit the New Testament. 'Later rationalistic attempts, especially in Great Britain and America, have been in the nature of efforts to gather up and revive the shattered remains of

German failures. A few magazine writers, novelists and lecturers, probably unaware of the true line of living issues, have patched together the rags of worn-out and cast-off German failures, and have strutted in what they conceived to be an array of "advanced thought." The chapter on eschatology is profoundly thoughtful. 'How long the process of sinking personality may continue is a question which we have no exact data from which to answer. The relative persistence of different persons in the agony of perishing is implied in the nature of personality. * * * But all conditioning love cannot be thought to continue the personal nature in conscious torture after the consciousness of self-determination is lost.' This is a strong book, which handles in masterly fashion and untechnical language the great facts of reason, revelation and religion. It is an undogmatic and suggestive expression of the theology of our age and of the ages, and will be read by many who are willing to exercise themselves in the ever fresh and endlessly interesting question of the soul's origin and destiny. It is a book in harmony with the deepest thinking of the prophets and apostles who have written their thoughts in the untechnical but vital language of the Bible. (\$1.50. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

THE HANDSOME German orator, whose commanding figure, fervent spirit, mastery of an alien tongue and captivating eloquence so impressed American hearers at the Evangelical Alliance meeting in New York, about the time of Tyndall's famous prayer-gauge controversy, died on August 14, 1889. A handsome commemorative volume contains a biography by his widow, and a selection of his sermons translated chiefly by two of his scholarly friends in the Church of England. An expressive photographic portrait forms the frontispiece. Born in the Black Forest in 1833, Christlieb grew up a German, but one of his early pastoral charges was in London. He preached to his countrymen gathered in that great market of the world, and at the same time mastered the English language for private and public speech. From 1868 until his death, he was professor in the University of Bonn. He was conservative and evangelical. With all the resources of heart and head he opposed the dogmatism of those who made the higher criticism a vehicle for their subjective opinions and assaults on Christianity. In many points he was like Tholuck of the previous generation. He obeyed the unwritten law of German university life, that a professor must write books, but contrived to give to his works a popular flavor. Several of them have been turned into English, and widely read in Scotland, England and America. As a champion of living, fruitful Christianity, Christlieb was criticized alike by the devotees of a dead confessionalism and of a rationalism that knows no court higher than human reason; at the same time he was warmly loved and honored by evangelical adherents of historical Christianity. In the seventeen sermons included in the volume we find much variety. That on 'The Need of Patience in an Over-Active Age' is timely and forcible. The trio on the temptation of Christ is marked both by subtlety and practicality. 'The Likeness of God the High Calling of Man' is suggestive. The volume will be all the more welcome, since among the numerous products of the German brain one in religious literature that reveals the German heart is as seldom seen as a black swan. (\$2. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

Recent Fiction

WITH THE BOUNDLESS continent-islands of Australia and all its new conditions of life to choose from, Ada Cambridge (Mrs. Cross) has gone back to England and her native Ely for the scene of her recent novel, 'My Guardian,' and chosen a subject the privilege of using which has expired by limitation. Given the title, the story being told in the first person singular by a young girl, no novel-reader can fail to foresee the whole plot and circumstance of the story, which follows in successive steps the lead of its predecessors in the field. A young girl, brought up by an unmarried friend of her dead father and mother, when she is about seventeen overhears an officious acquaintance informing the old bachelor that the proprieties demand that their pleasant peaceful relations as guardian and ward should be discontinued. And she, imagining herself in the guardian's way, goes off and marries herself to someone else, only to discover on her wedding-day that she wasn't in the way and had made a great mistake. Her guardian loved her as dearly as she loved him, only, as is the way with guardians in books whose wards engage themselves to younger men and keep mournful silence while their hearts are breaking, he didn't tell her till after the wedding service. In this individual case, the bride falls swooning into a two weeks' delirious fever, and remains in a dangerous state until her young husband succumbs to rapid consumption, shortly after which she and Jack (guardians are

usually thus named, as a kind of pledge of their being suitably youthful) marry and betake themselves to Australia; so that if the story doesn't begin where you hoped it would, it at least ends there. Much as we are dissatisfied with the author's selection of a subject, we cannot carry that dissatisfaction to her way of treating it. Nothing could exceed the simple naturalness of the narrative, the freedom from exaggeration of any kind, the lovely descriptions of the author's native fen scenery and village life, and the quiet rural calm that pervades the whole work—a delightful contrast to the rather crude feverish activity of the author's recent novel, 'Not All in Vain.' Nevertheless, simple and touching in their devotion to each other as were this ward and guardian, we think that Mr. Besant in 'My little Girl' has given a much more perfect presentation of a similar situation, and that my Little Girl's hasty marriage is a more plausible affair than the mistaken step of the heroine of 'My Guardian.' (\$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.)

'CHRISTINE'S INSPIRATION' is a story, singularly short and sweet, by 'Barbara Yechton.' The moral is in the title, and the touching tale is too brief to allow us to 'give away' the plot. There is a woman-artist, and a cherubic baby-boy, and a bereaved mother, and in the telling not a word is wasted. The touches are true and strong, and the impression left is sweet and helpful. It is provocative of good works, as well as satisfactory as literature. (60 cts. James Pott & Co.)—TWELVE attractive little plays for young children come from the pen of Mrs. Hugh Bell, author of 'Chamber Comedies,' 'Petit Théâtre des Enfants,' etc. These are called 'Nursery Comedies,' and are in some instances formed on the dear old Mother Goose legends. We can't imagine anything more charming than a brilliant fête or a Christmas party celebrated by the play of 'Henry Penny' or Cinderella, performed by children with all the abandon and spontaneity they throw into these touching stories. These plays are arranged with no more scenery than could easily be contrived in a parlor; and they are full of sprightly childish conversation, and would take from five to fifteen minutes to perform. (50 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)—'THAT ANGELIC WOMAN' is a story by James M. Ludlow, D.D., told in a vigorous, half-humorous style, of the regeneration of a stock-exchange broker, or the son of a broker, which in these days is pretty much the same thing. The humor of the situation will not escape the reader; who, however, will be led into the seriousness of the reform when he follows the broker's son through various social vicissitudes and leaves him marrying an otherwise poor girl to whom he had sent immense sums of money, because he was under the suspicion that his father had robbed her grandfather. It was a shrewd deal that united the halo of a poetically just deed to the advantages of an earthly compensation. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)

'THE BOOK OF PITY and of Death' is a translation by T. P. O'Connor of Pierre Loti's 'Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort.' In a few preliminary words Loti says that this book is more his real self than anything he has yet written. One chapter in particular he hesitates to publish at all, and only does it because of the feeling that in time and space he extends the limits of his own soul by mingling it with his readers'. These persons will probably preserve the images which are dear to him, and which he has graven on their memories; at least he frankly trusts them to do so, admitting that this craving to struggle against death and its oblivion is the sole spiritual reason one has for writing at all. He begs those who are disposed to criticise this volume to do him the favor not to read it; it contains nothing for such persons, and would bore them so much if they only knew it. One must be in sympathy with the author's mood to enjoy the book. We can readily imagine a reader who is not in the mood for it conceiving a dislike for these stories. 'A Story of Two Cats,' to a person who despises cats and cannot understand anyone's liking them, would perhaps be a bore, though we have known cat-haters to weep over it. To us the volume is full of an indescribable charm, and makes us care more for Loti personally than many of his more ambitious productions. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

THERE IS SOMETHING as prepossessing in the typography and form of the Harpers' Black and White Series as there is engaging in the idea of a story whose scenes are laid either on shipboard or railway car—two points decidedly in favor of Mr. Brander Matthews in his little tale in five sections, 'In the Vestibule Limited.' It was not particularly in need of any such props of circumstance, but they are not to be despised. Mr. Hallett Larcom and Miss Annie Vernon, having been engaged to marry on Sept. 27, and having quarrelled before that date, accidentally discover each other on the Vestibule Limited to Chicago on that very date. Both ere this had seen the folly of their quarrel, and when they meet it is to re-

establish each other in their temporarily tenantless niches. But Mr. Larcom thinks it as well not to take any more chances, and aided and sustained by a Philadelphia maiden lady, a friend of the prospective bride, he induces Miss Vernon to marry him and leave the train at Buffalo, and there take train for Niagara according to the original plan of their honeymoon trip. All this is accomplished between four in the afternoon and eight in the evening, without the uncle and aunt with whom the bride was travelling so much as being aware of the young man's presence. Such wants as the clergyman, the ring and the book are all met in a masterly way by the ingenious author. It has always been maintained, and hitherto with apparent reason, that travelling in America is a perfectly safe proceeding for young women, owing to the plan of our cars; but we doubt if, after the publication of a narrative like this, any such superiority can be urged. We fear that Mr. Matthews has done a very ill turn to the heretofore unblemished reputation of our railroad system for domestic peace and social security, and that while plans for man-of-war express cars are being submitted, a greater need is being overlooked. Mr. Matthews has dedicated his 'Vestibule Limited' to the author of 'The Parlor Car' and 'Sleeping Car,' feeling doubtless that in coupling there is strength. (25 cts. Harper & Bros.)

HAVING WRITTEN some of the most perfect of short stories for 'grown-ups,' and having shown us what the eyes of the poet discovers in uninviting human nature, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, in a recent volume, 'The Pot of Gold,' has won the quaint fancies and unreal concerts of a child's mind into stories for children. For we cannot but think that these whimsical little tales are the crystallized memories of childish imaginings, when the long hot summer day was spent in dreamy musings under some favorite tree, lulled by the hum of bees and tantalized by the wavy atmosphere. Flecks of dancing sunshine stored for years in a closed flower of the writer's mind are liberated and burst with merry gleam upon the world at the 'open sesame' of her bidding. The titles of these stories are enough to stimulate curiosity to read them. 'The Pop-corn Man,' 'The Cow with Golden Horns,' 'The Silver Hen,' 'The Christmas Monks,' 'The Pumpkin Giant' all suggest a world of fact and fancy decidedly unlike anything we are apt to meet in everyday life. Another thing which confirms us in the belief that they are fragments that came in that half-dreaming, half-waking state when the world of sense is distorted into grotesque semblances of reality and the mind riots in freedom from sober restraint, is that their shape is so elusive. Like dreams they seem to have only the faintest kind of a beginning, a middle, and no ending whatever—just a vanishing of everybody in the tale into thin air, like the witches in 'Macbeth' or the vision in 'The Tempest.' Here and there are touches of that insight into character (in 'The Squire's Sixpence' and 'The Bound Girl') which so distinguishes Miss Wilkins's New England stories; but for the greater part these belong to that delightful and recreative department of child literature, the fantastic. (\$1.50. D. Lothrop Co.)

London Letter

TO GO DOWN to Oxford during the 'Eights Week' is now considered by Londoners the correct thing to do. Everyone who has ever been at the University—who has any past or present connection with it—or who has an invitation from an Oxonian—be he head of a house or scrub of an undergraduate—pops into the Oxford Express at Paddington with a sense of a pleasure in store, as he contemplates seeing once more the old colleges, the grim gateways, the river, the barges, the merry, teeming banks, where age and youth meet for once on common ground, and take common part in the joyous scene. A more glorious 'Eights Week' than that just over in point of weather, it would have been impossible to imagine, and the gathering was proportionately large and successful. Master and President, Provost and Warden entertained royally, and though the dancing which accompanies 'Commem' is considered too wildly distracting to youth to be permitted while the term is in full swing, yet teas, dinners and concerts closed agreeably each merry afternoon on the river. Amongst the literary people I met was the author of 'The Battle of Dorking'—for though Sir George Chesney has written many other good things, notably that brilliant novel, 'The Dilemma,' which gives such a vivid picture of the Indian Mutiny, it is as the author of 'The Battle of Dorking' he will always be known,—and the bright, unassuming, chatty little soldier, who has now offered himself as one of the candidates for the University seat in Parliament, was very much what one would imagine the *Blackwood* contributor of military lore to be. For many years Col. Chesney wrote regularly for *Maga*, and some of his articles on military subjects were among the very best things in its pages.

On Sunday morning we all went to the Bampton Lecture. Bishop Barry is the lecturer this year, and as he is considered to be a talented preacher, he had an intellectual audience. The sermon was nearly an hour long,—but then there is practically no service when the Bampton Lecture is delivered. We are exhorted to pray—but given no chance of doing so. However, there is a way of redressing the balance. Go to the Magdalen evening service and you have all the Church's prayers, no sermon—and the most exquisite music into the bargain. The Magdalen choir is supposed to take rank over any other in England.

To return to the Bampton Lecturer. His subject is always chosen for him—a hard case, to my mind—and on the present occasion Bishop Barry had a hard time of it. For his text was 'Search the Scriptures,' etc., and though he had an hour in which to show how and in what manner Holy Scripture does bear testimony according to the above text, he obviously found himself overmastered, and would have got on better had he left out half he had to say, and said the rest more impressively. The air was bad, and many of the learned heads were nodding. 'Lewis Carroll,' who sat close beside me in his Master of Arts gown, did not nod; but somehow I fancied his thoughts were gently straying among the green pasturelands without, his eyes were gazing so placidly into vacancy all the while.

On Sunday evening the Baliol Concert was the thing to go to. The music at these concerts is strictly in accordance with the spirit of the day, being confined to classical or sacred pieces. The concert takes place in the Baliol Hall, which, though full to the brim—and over the brim, for rows of undergraduates perched along the high window-sills, and held on by every available clinging point,—was hushed to the most absolute silence throughout the rendering even of the very long concertos and fugues,—and observing the influence of the sweet strains on the boisterous spirits of youth, their softened demeanor and rapt attention, I could but wish such Sunday concerts were more usual among us. Many faces familiar in London society were among the Master of Baliol's own especial guests; and Prof. Jowett, now quite recovered from his recent serious illness, looked well and happy, his little white head bobbing hither and thither, as he distributed programs, and found places for late comers, whom no one else would have ventured to admit. The next morning we all came back to town, filling every available corner of the nine o'clock express, and took up the whirl of London life again.

London is not supposed to be very gay this season, but I doubt if it be not every whit as full as usual. To-day is the Derby Day, and that of course brings a great influx of men upon the scene; certainly I have seldom seen a fuller Park than we had yesterday. As a matter-of-fact, the absence of some people often means the opportunity for other people. When the great lights are temporarily withdrawn from the firmament, the lesser lights twinkle—and their twinkle is seen. A number of lesser lights are twinkling merrily the present moment: shows of all sorts are reaping a rich harvest: picture-galleries are daily thronged: theatres are crammed: and of small dances, dinners, and teas there is no end.

Lady Jeune had a very bright entertainment at her well-known house in Harley Street, when Mrs. Waldo Richards, the American lady who has lately made such a great hit in Paris, succeeded in rousing the more phlegmatic English people out of their habitual indifference. Mrs. Richards had something to contend with. A row of cold, correct, bored faces fronted her from each drawing-room as she stepped on to her small red platform; but she saw those faces slowly gain expression and light up with amusement, as she passed from one clever dialect scene to another; and though it may be doubted if any pathetic passages would ever really appeal to an audience such as was gathered at Lady Jeune's yesterday, or would win mere perfunctory applause at their hands, Mrs. Richards may rest satisfied that for her 'Royal Princess' and 'Topsy' she gained as much—or possibly more—than any other reciter would; her 'Elf Child' and her 'Taking an Elevator' genuinely delighted everybody. There can be no doubt that Society prefers being amused, to having its sensibility stirred—especially in public.

The Strand Magazine is still taking the lead among the new competitors in that particular field of literature. When you are going about from house to house it does not do not to have seen *The Strand*. Some one or other is sure to be vaunting its last pages of portraits; and an eager voice near will respond with: 'Oh, aren't they good? aren't they funny and good?' and ten to one it is the child of the house who thus speaks, and who *will* be heard, and who knows all about the said portraits, and is not to be put off with any superficial criticism on your part. He or she will go hunting about for people who are better versed than you, which half—or more—of the people in the room are, supposing you have got a little bit behindhand in your magazine reading, and have let

The Strand wait. I made a note of that the other day; *Blackwood* may wait now. No officious child will put me to shame before a roomful of literary folks, by inquiries about *Blackwood*!

They know the *Daily Graphic*, though, these children; and they simply adore *Black and White*. The little ones devour the pictures, and their elders hang over the pages by Barry Pain—(just as they do over 'Sherlock Holmes' in *The Strand*). I do not hear much about the halfpenny morning papers, but it is early days yet. I heard, however, a good story about *The Times* the other day. *The Times* has been knocked off in many a house of late, owing to its still keeping up its price to threepence. Economy suggests that to take in a threepenny paper when there are so many admirable penny papers now to be had, is sinful waste. An elderly lady in this neighborhood, thought to be in the fashion and thus addressed major domo:—'John, I will take in *The Times* no longer. I never read it. I cannot be troubled with it. It is too big, and too dull for me. And besides to give threepence for a paper, etc., etc.' John raised his chin, and surveyed his mistress with a stony stare. 'We can't help it, ma'am; we can't do without *The Times*. It's impossible. *We should have nothing to light the fires with*.' The argument was found to be unanswerable, and the somewhat expensive kindling substance for fires which, by the way, are slightly superfluous at the present moment, was not counter-ordered.

Apropos of *The Times*, the late Mr. Walter, editor and proprietor of the paper, was not a man of taste, and an extraordinary freak of his excites the astonishment of many visitors to his beautiful lands in Berkshire. As you emerge from the station, you are confronted by a straight road one mile in length, sentinelled as it were on either side by an undeviating row of solemn Wellingtonias. The effect is funereal in the extreme; and the black, forbidding edge to a fairy-like background of feathery larch and bending birch, stretching far away in undulating slopes, is so painful to the eye that one can hardly forgive such an offence against the beauties of Nature.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

I IMAGINE that *The Arena* intends to give a noticeable amount of space to dramatic affairs in the coming year, for a series of articles by Miss Mildred Aldrich has already been planned. In the July number a biographical and critical review of the life of Julia Marlowe inaugurates the series. Miss Aldrich enjoys the personal friendship of Miss Marlowe and has therefore studied her in private life as well as in public. In August an article on Sothorn is to appear, and in September one on the younger Salvini. Miss Aldrich has secured a number of very interesting pictures to illustrate her articles; one showing Salvini at the age of three—a bright, independent little fellow, in short dresses—and another showing Sothorn at the age of thirteen.

New pictures of Miss Marlowe as Rosalind, Parthenia and as Charles Hart ('Rogues and Vagabonds') are also to be used, as well as a portrait of the young lady when she was thirteen years of age and a member of a juvenile 'Pinafore' company. Miss Aldrich is one of the brightest writers upon dramatic matters in Boston, and with her extended knowledge of theatrical affairs she combines excellent judgment in criticism. I suppose the chief interest will be in the Marlowe article, for very little is known about the life of that young actress, the policy of her managers, previous to the present year, having thrown a cloud of mystery over her past. Miss Marlowe, I understand, has narrated to her friend her entire early history, so that the article is really authoritative.

One of the new plays at the Museum next season is to be a dramatization of Isaac Henderson's 'Agatha Page.' Mr. Henderson has made it himself, and the recent English performance, I am told, was very successful. Mr. Field has also secured for the coming year other interesting plays. He will have a new play by Miss Marguerite Merrington, whose play of 'Letterblair' is to have a place in Mr. Sothorn's repertory in the ensuing year; two recent successes of the Lyceum Theatre, New York; and special plays written to order for the Museum by Mrs. Oscar Berringer, the author of 'Holly Tree Inn,' and Edward Paulton of 'Niobe' and 'Erminie' fame. I have never seen any of Miss Merrington's work, but Daniel Frohman considers her dialogue as something wonderful, and Mrs. Kendal has declared that it is worthy of Sheridan. If these praises are justified, Miss Merrington should be a brilliant playwright. Joseph Jefferson takes the greatest interest in her work, I am told, and is to be her neighbor on the Cape again the coming summer.

Writing of the Museum reminds me that it was from an old play performed on that stage that Mr. William T. Adams, the popular boys' storyteller, obtained his *nom de plume*. He had become interested in this play of 'Dr. Optic,' and while he was cudgelling

his brain to think of some new fictitious name to put at the end of his 'Poem Before the Mutual Admiration Society,' the word Optic flashed before him. Oliver came as a euphonious and alliterative addition and so in 1881 that name first appeared in public print. Shortly afterwards, when two or three of his articles were accepted by *The Waverly Magazine*, Mr. Adams again inscribed 'Oliver Optic' under their titles, and, having thus obtained a little fame for the name, he decided not to throw it overboard when his success became assured. A friend of his was telling me the other day of the extremely methodical way in which he works. Every morning, said my informant, Mr. Adams sits down to his table and actually digs like a laborer, although he cultivates a literary rather than an earthly field. In other words, he is as earnest and as indefatigable in his work as a man can be. Very often he composes directly upon the typewriter—just as Ben Shillaber was often wont to set up the bright sayings of Mrs. Partington at the case, composing them while the type fell into the stick. Although Mr. Adams makes no copy of his original draft, yet when the proof comes to be corrected there are seldom more than ten changes in the entire book. He is a writer whom the proof-readers admire, not only for this accuracy of first composition, but also for his appreciation of their assistance. Often he will go out of his way to thank a reader of proofs who has detected an error which had hitherto escaped observation.

That noteworthy subscription work, 'Famous Composers and Their Works,' edited by Prof. J. K. Paine of Harvard, is to be put upon the press in September. As the distribution of essays and biographies has not previously been announced, I made inquiry yesterday regarding the allotment of work. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel will write an essay on American music; Mr. W. J. Henderson will write on the Netherland masters and the development of counterpoint; Mr. L. E. Elson on music in Italy from Palestrina to Verdi. Prof. Paine and Mr. Philip Hale have together written a biographical sketch of Beethoven, while Mr. Hale also contributes an article on Mozart. Prof. John Fiske writes the lives of Paine and of Schubert, Dr. John S. Dwight describes Mendelssohn's career, Mr. B. E. Woolf writes of Haydn, and Mr. W. F. Apthorp of Arthur Foote. Among the foreign contributors are a number of noteworthy writers on music—Dr. Phillip Spitta of Berlin, who treats of Bach and Handel, Dr. Wilhelm Langhans and Eusebius Mandyczewski of Germany; Oscar Comettant, Adolphe Jullien and Arthur Pougin of France; and Edward Dannreuther and Dr. W. S. Rockstro of England. Mr. Hale tells me that superlatives may well be used in describing the illustrations for this book. He is apt to be very critical in artistic matters, a privilege to which his knowledge entitles him, so that in view of his praise it would not surprise me to find a superb set of pictures between the descriptive pages of the work.

A number of prominent Bostonians are interested in a new plan for promoting art culture in the public schools by placing on the walls of the school rooms reproductions of famous works of art in the form of photographs, paintings and casts. They have asked the School Committee for the right of thus decorating the buildings, stating that they believe that the refinement which comes from the presence of art is an important aid in the development of character. The Committee has granted their request, and the first steps have now been taken. Among those interested in the work of this Public School Art League are Henry Sandham, Bishop Brooks, the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and John Lyman Faxon.

BOSTON, June 14, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

The Lounger

AN ITALIAN ACTRESS, La Duse, has blazed into prodigious and, probably, merited success at Vienna. Unheralded and unpuffed, she came and conquered. M. Francisque Sarcey, who accompanied the detachment of the players of the Comédie Française, allowed by the French Government to take part in the International Exhibition of Dramatic Art at Vienna, tells us about this latest theatrical sensation, in his *feuilleton* in the *Temps* of May 30. La Duse had so far been seen as Cleopatra, and 'La Dame aux Camélias,' and in 'Divorçons'—thus showing much versatility and challenging comparison with such Parisian celebrities as Bernhardt, Réjane, and Céline Chaumont. She is not handsome, but has an intelligent and expressive face, and wonderful mobility of features. Her voice is not particularly musical, but its occasional metallic vibrations produce thrilling effects. Her diction, like Mme. Bernhardt's, is distinct and clear, each syllable coming out with well rounded edges. In the second act of 'Anthony and Cleopatra' (which Sardou has filched from Shakespeare, and incorporated in his 'Cléopâtre'), where Egypt, waiting for news of Anthony, whom she believes dead, hears of

his marriage to Octavia, La Duse carried the house by storm, with her alternate explosions of fury and sudden tones of touching tenderness. Whilst recognizing the great qualities of La Duse in this part, M. Sarcey cannot refrain from comparative criticism, and a bit of sly malice. 'Where,' he asks, 'is that exquisite grace in every attitude and gesture, which was so conspicuous in Sara's Cleopatra? Even in her most violent transports of passion, in her most *risqués* fondlings and caresses, she is always a queen—the Queen of Egypt. La Duse has the air of a crowned grisette; but perhaps that may have been the type of the real Cleopatra.'

W. E. G. OF BOSTON sends me this interesting note:—'I see the newspapers with one accord inform us that the new French Academician, Capt. Julien Viaud ('Pierre Loti'), received his pen-name from the Japanese. They further inform us that Loti is the Japanese name for a violet. Now as the Japanese alphabet has no L, and Japanese speech does not make use of this liquid, I am inclined to think that the name must come from the Fiji or other Oceanic regions. The Japanese name for violet—which expressed in English would mean "wrestler flower"—is *sumo-tori* or *sumo-tori kusa*. The reason why the Japanese give so dainty and beautiful a flower a name so suggestive of stalwart struggle and endeavor is that the flowers are set upon their stems with a crook, so that often the breezes tangle them and they are held in each other's embrace like wrestlers locked in a struggle. The movement of the wind gives them the appearance of mimic athletes in the arena.'

'IF C. W. N. TAKES Thackeray seriously, and his ballad "When Moonlike o'er the Hazure Seas" as anything more than a burlesque,' writes Argus, 'I cannot wonder at his not seeing the humor in "Jeames" being made to accommodate the sound of his name to "dreems" as an easier alternative than finding fitter rhyme words. How if "moonlike" had been rhymed with "June night" or "blite," would "C. W. N." still swear by Thackerayan moonshine pronunciation? At last night's seance I called up Jacques de la Pluche, who instantly delivered himself of this clincher. (I dare not summon W. M. T., at least not in summer.)

Sum names ain't allus wot they seams:
Wen Thackry claps a Ae in Jeames,
Its hevedink as ow e aims
To elp its grandjus swell—*Je-ames*.

My friendly corrector is partly right in saying I am wrong in supposing Thackeray had a musical ear. Let us split the difference and say that he probably had one but apparently not two, as I find these rhymes in his serious verse: "famous—name is," "saffron—tavern," "Benedictine—afflicting," "grave—ave" (*Maria*), "drawn—upon," "his—bliss"; and in his burlesque verse these: "England's Queend—shagreened," "once—months," "man—hand," etc.'

'HAVE YOU NOTICED,' Argus continues, 'a little poem that is going the rounds of the papers, quoted from W. E. Henley's new book, "The Song of the Sword and Other Verses"? It begins:—

O Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder;

and goes on to sing how Death and Time bring on loving reconciliation and the long last rest in peace. And have you felt how prettily it comes back across the ocean as an echo of dear old Whittier's chant in "Snow-Bound," where he sings:—

O Time and Change! * * *
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still love on!

And his consoling assurance

That Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own!

'IN A POEM called "The Fight of the Armstrong Privateer," published in *The Century* for June, I find these lines,' writes W. R. B. of Short Hills, N. J.:—

Tell the story to your sons,
Of the gallant days of yore,
When the brig of seven guns
Fought the fleet of seven score
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.

What does the author of the poem mean by "Fayal the Azore?" We know Fayal to be the name of one of the Azores islands; these islands having been so named from the large number of hawks found on them when discovered, in the fifteenth century; *azor* being the Portuguese for hawk (plural *azores*); *asor* being the Spanish (plural *asóres*). The Spanish word has been the

name of the islands, Azóres (pronounced Ah-thó-rays), since the time of Philip II. of Spain, and it has so appeared on all English maps and charts. The phrase, "Fayal the Azore," indicates no place and has no meaning, because there is no such word as *azore* in the Portuguese, the Spanish, or the English language. And if the word *azore* were found, its pronunciation would be ah-thó-ray, and therefore it could not rhyme with the English words "yore" and "score" in the lines preceding. The author of the poem probably wanted to say "Fayal, one of the Azóres." But the exigencies of the case, as he had laid it out, forbade the speaking of that geographical truth; and his "Fayal the Azore" is as if he had said, of one of the Canary Islands, "Teneriffe the Canary."

G. W. S. HAS SET HIS FACE, from the start, against the proposition to honor the memory of Mr. Lowell with a window in the Chapter House of Westminster, instead of in the Abbey itself; and now that this way of posthumous tribute to the lamented poet, scholar and reconciler of kin who have sometimes been unkind to each other, has been finally adopted, the readers of the very interesting London letters to the *Tribune* 'a voice of weeping hear and loud lament.' No American name appears on the list, and Mr. Smalley hopes that none will appear.

Mr. Andrew Lang, whose name is on the committee, comments sagely enough on the matter. American sensitiveness is, he observes, very intelligible and might have been left unprovoked, adding:—"Unless the Abbey is to be a literary Valhalla of the English-speaking people, perhaps this tribute of sincere affection might have been left alone." It might, indeed. He continues:—"It is not a Valhalla of the English-speaking people, nor even of the English. It is a casual collection." Very casual. He notes the absence of Scott, Burns and Hawthorne, and urges that the first thing to be determined is, whether the Abbey shall be exclusively English or not. If one American is honored all Americans of equal rank might, he insists, be equally honored. It is well said. Meantime Longfellow is there and Lowell is excluded; and a committee of Mr. Lowell's English friends are weak enough to yield to Dean Bradley's desire that two exterior windows in a passage which forms no part of the Abbey should be decorated at their expense.

ON THE LATEST anniversary of the birth (or death—I forget which) of Marie Stuart, a little band of adherents of the house of Stuart attempted to invade the precincts of Westminster Abbey and lay a wreath upon the tomb of the great Elizabeth's hapless rival. They were prevented by the authorities, and contented themselves with hanging their memorial garland upon a paling, or some other convenient projection, outside of the British Valhalla. The chief of these loyal Jacobites was the Marquis of Ruigny. When he appeared in New York the other day, the *Tribune* sent a reporter to interview him; and in the parlors of that romantic old feudal castle, the Fifth Avenue Hotel, an attempt was made to 'boom' the Pretender of to-day.

I am not in the United States on any special mission for the Jacobites, who hope before many years to see reigning in her rightful place in England and Scotland the legal heir of the house of Stuart, the Princess Louise of Bavaria, who by right is Queen Mary III. of Scotland and IV. of England. Many old Jacobite families have enlisted their sympathies in the cause, more in England than in either Scotland or Ireland. We hope eventually to see upon the throne of England a direct descendant of English and Scotch blood. We shall try to remove all religious disabilities, which order that only Protestants shall hold the throne, to repeal the law of royal marriages, and gain the reversal of all attainders against the adherents of the house of Stuart.

SO, WHILE MESSRS. BLAINE and Clarkson, Platt and Quay were planning the overthrow of President Harrison in one room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in another the Marquis of Ruigny was plotting the deposition of the Queen. Should Victoria be not dethroned, the noble conspirator may console himself with the reflection that his deep-laid political plans are not the first to 'go a-gley, of all that have been concocted in the great New York caravansary; and that the cabal in the other room was no more successful than he.

THERE MUST BE a dearth of news and miscellaneous reading-matter at the Capital; else would *Kate Field's Washington* never have printed the following silly paragraph:—

At a fair held in this city, a package directed to one of the booths had just arrived. The wrapper being removed, a Nestor cigarette box was disclosed, with the signature of Paderewski, the long-haired and nimble-fingered Polish pianist, across the lid. It was tied with a blue ribbon, and inside were three half smoked cigarettes. The inference, of course, was that these same cigarettes had once been actually between the lips of Paderewski, and that in consequence of that accident they would fetch a high price over the counter of the booth. Mr. Paderewski deserves credit for remembering, at the moment of his depar-

ture from this country with over fifty thousand of our dollars, the charity of a profession that is so closely akin to his own; but while he was about it, could he not as easily have sent some of his shaving paper, or better still, a few strands of his matchless hair—the authenticity of which would have been above suspicion?

Unless F. E. M., who sends this item to K. F.'s W., is prepared to make affidavit to its truth, she ought to be ashamed of herself for publishing it. And if it be true, and she knows how the package came to be sent, she ought to have stated the circumstances.

The Fine Arts

Taking Art to the Tenement-House

AT ST. JUDE'S CHURCH, in the East End of London, a free art exhibition has been held annually, by Toynbee Hall, for the past twelve years. Some of the best known peers and commoners ransack their galleries, in order to contribute to this show specimens of the work of the most admired of contemporary artists, and the poor people of the most densely populated part of London flock to see the pictures and vote upon their merits. Three years ago, 47,000 visitors attended the exhibition; and in the vote that was taken, Holman Hunt's 'Triumph of the Innocents' proved to be first in point of popularity and the American F. D. Millet's 'Love-Letter' second, 869 ballots being cast for the former and 713 for the latter work. Walter Crane's 'Bridge of Life' stood fourth, with 477 votes, and Sir John Millais's Portrait of Mr. Gladstone eighth, with 260. During the three weeks that the show was open this year, 70,000 people attended it, and the voting demonstrated again that the East End is but little if at all behind the West, when it comes, not to analysing its emotions, but to saying broadly what it likes or dislikes in the world of art. Two members of the Council of the University Settlement Society of New York, Mr. A. C. Bernheim and Mr. R. R. Bowker, were visiting Toynbee Hall when this year's exhibition was held at St. Jude's; and at their instance the Council at its last meeting appointed a Committee, consisting of these two gentlemen and Mrs. Henry Villard, to borrow paintings for a similar show to be held over on the East Side of this city, in the vicinity of the Society's Neighborhood House. The Committee went to work with a will, and soon secured a first-rate collection of modern paintings (American, English, French, etc.), and will put it on view to-night, in the building No. 73 Allen Street, at the corner of Grand, where it will be open to the public for a fortnight. The value of the paintings is shown by the fact that they have been insured for \$150,000.

The Local Management Committee is composed of persons connected with various educational and labor organizations, its members being John McG. Goodale, James K. Paulding, Theodore Miller, Charles B. Stover, Edward King and Fred Schaeffer.

Colored Sculpture

IN CONCLUDING a long letter in reply to a criticism of his *Century* article on colored statues, Mr. Robinson writes to the *Times*:—

'Now, it may or may not be against reason to suppose that men capable of creating the Hermes would have been capable of coloring him; it may or may not be an open question whether they would have stultified themselves or belittled the statue by so doing, or we may have to admit that it was vulgar of them if they did; but on the other side are three facts which to me seem hard to overcome: First, that when the Hermes was discovered he still had traces of red paint on his lips, of brown in his hair, and of crimson or red upon the strap of his sandal; second, that when the frieze of the mausoleum of Halicarnassus, the work of Athenian sculptors of the time of Praxiteles, was discovered by Sir Charles Newton, the flesh of the male figures still retained traces of a "dun red," and there were other colors left upon the marble; and third, that, according to the oft-quoted anecdote of Pliny, Praxiteles himself said that he preferred those of his marble statues to which Nicias, the first Athenian painter of his generation, had "put his hand."

'It is upon facts like these that our experiments are based. If they have led us in the wrong direction, facts, not sentiments, must bring us back. But I repeat once more, since we have been frequently misunderstood, that these experiments have nothing whatever to do with the modern side of the question. That was not within our province. I knew perfectly well, when we started these experiments, that the color scheme was not in accordance with modern taste, but what justification should I have had if I had endeavored to make them so at the sacrifice of what I believed to be the truth?

'I do not pretend to say whether it is right or wrong to color statues. Sculptors will settle that question for themselves. But

I do believe that we have been mistaken in supposing that the Greeks did not color theirs, and to give sculptors and artists generally what information we can gather upon this subject is a duty of my profession, which I, for one, am glad to undertake. Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD ROBINSON,
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, May 25, 1892.

Mr. La Farge to Teach Painting

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the School Committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for an advanced class of students in painting, limited in number, to be under the special direction of Mr. John La Farge. The class will study the pictures and other works of art in the galleries of the Museum and in other galleries of the kind in the city, public and private, as may be accessible to them, and will execute from time to time such drawings, paintings and sketches as may be required of them. At the conclusion of the course, which will occupy two seasons, those of the class who may wish to do so may become candidates for the Jacob H. Lazarus Travelling Scholarship.

Mr. Ruskin's Editor

[The Literary World, London.]

MR. W. G. COLLINGWOOD, the editor of Ruskin's Poems, is a graduate, and University Extension Lecturer on Art, of Oxford. The first work he did for Mr. Ruskin was to translate, along with a Mr. A. D. O. Wedderburn, 'The Economist of Xenophon.' He afterwards became Mr. Ruskin's private secretary and general assistant, and has written a supplement to 'Deucalion,' entitled, 'The Limestone Alps of Savoy.' He is the author of 'A Book of Verses' and of 'Lectures on Decorative Art,' delivered at Liverpool. As Honorary President of the Ruskin Reading Guild he contributed to its journal an interesting series of papers on the 'Misal of Kaiser Max'—the copy of which, with his notes on Dürer's illustrations, prepared at Mr. Ruskin's request, is now in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. He contributed to *Igdrasil* during 1890 an important series of papers on 'Modern Painters'—the germ of the book he is about to issue on 'The Art Teaching of Ruskin.' A painter by profession, he is well qualified to write on the subject of art. For nearly two years he has been engaged on the task of selecting and editing Mr. Ruskin's Poems, and the work now issued is a model of painstaking research, and of accurate editing. He is about to issue a companion volume to the Poems, consisting of early prose writings of Mr. Ruskin, including the long-lost reply to the attack in *Blackwood* on Turner, which has been discovered among the MSS. of the Poems.

The "Hectic Flush" in "Aurora Leigh"

CLARA M. PARKER tells in *The Christian Union* of having once written to Mr. Lowell, to take him to task for his condemnation of Mrs. Browning in his review of 'Swinburne's Tragedies' in 'My Study Windows.' The critic kept his temper and replied as follows:—

ELMWOOD, 4th March, 1871.

MY DEAR MISS —:

I do not like to give pain, but if I have given it, I am glad that it should have been through a misapprehension of my meaning, for that may perhaps be soothed by a word of explanation. You will observe that the title of the article of which you speak is 'Swinburne's Tragedies.' His 'Laus Veneris' I have never read, and so could by no possibility have meant to associate Mrs. Browning with that painted muse. Twenty years ago I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Browning frequently, and nothing could be further from my thoughts than so wanton an injury to a pure and fragrant memory. But, as a critic, I think I am right. I had 'Aurora Leigh' in my mind, and, though I had not read it for many years, I find, in turning over its leaves again, that my judgment remains the same. What I disliked in it then and now was the hectic flush and the tendency to over-intensity—pushing expression to an unpleasant physical excess. Look, for example, at page 116 (American edition), at the passage beginning 'Away from both, down to

She heard the quick pants of the hills behind,
The keen air pricked her neck.

Again, page 195.

The god comes down as fierce
As twenty bloodhounds! shakes you, strangles you,
Until the oracular shriek shall ooze in froth.

Nay, you will find something like this on almost every page. Do you like it? I confess I don't. It gives me the same kind of shock I felt once in a dissecting-room.

Now, if I am inclined to push my defense a little further, I should say that the vice here was the same in kind as (if I may trust report) in the 'Laus Veneris'—namely, a seeking for effect by forbidden means. Move my soul, I would say to the poet, as much as you will (or can), but pray let my poor senses alone. I have enough to do to master them as it is.

So please forgive if you cannot justify me, and believe me

Very truly yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Notes

THE HARPERS are bringing out 'The Puritan in Holland, England and America,' by Douglas Campbell—a history, on novel lines, of the great Puritan movement, which, beginning in the sixteenth century, rejuvenated England and shaped the character of the people and institutions of the United States.

—Mr. Austin Dobson has edited Fielding's 'Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon' for Macmillan & Co. There will be but 500 copies printed. The same house will soon bring out Mr. George C. Napier's 'Homes and Haunts of Tennyson,' and a third (revised) edition of Prof. Goldwin Smith's 'Trip to England,' uniform with Mr. William Winter's 'Gray Days and Gold' and 'Shakespeare's England.'

—When they have completed their edition of Jane Austen's novels, Roberts Bros. will issue a reprint of the Scotch novels of Susan E. Ferrier.

—Counsel for Rider Haggard, the novelist, obtained from Judge Green, in the United States District Court, at Trenton, on Tuesday, a rule to show cause against the Waverly Publishing Co. of New York. Mr. Haggard wants them restrained from issuing in book form his 'Nada the Lily.'

—In your review of Dr. Davidson's new volume on Ezekiel in the Cambridge Bible for Schools, writes C. H. H. of Madison, Wis., 'a typographical error makes him the editor of John in that series. It is Job, not John.'

—Mr. Gladstone, in acknowledging receipt of Dr. Albert Leffingwell's recent work on 'Illegitimacy in Great Britain,' writes: 'I thank you sincerely for sending me your work on a subject which well deserves all the labor that can be bestowed upon it, and which I do not doubt you will greatly help to elucidate. The recent changes in the tables are most curious.' It is not generally known, even in England, that the first work in the English language upon this phase of sociology is from the pen of an American physician, who, however, has for several years resided abroad.

—Mr. Smalley cables that a second edition has just appeared of the little book which Mr. Gladstone calls 'The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture.' He says:—

It may be impregnable. It is not immutable. It is somewhat enlarged and much altered, and contains a reprint of his magazine replies to Mr. Huxley on the miracle of the Gadarene swine. The preface contains the rather remarkable statement that recent Biblical controversies 'stand related rather to the literary form than to the substance of the divine revelation conveyed to us in the Old Testament.' It is the 'primary purpose' of Mr. Gladstone's book to prove that proposition, and to show that in the main the old belief as to that substance is plainly the right belief. Does, then, Mr. Gladstone believe in the Mosaic cosmogony? If he does, he must be nearly the last of living students who clings to it. If he does not, in what sense is the old belief the true belief? In either case, would he maintain that the controversy which touches the historical truth of that part of the Old Testament is a controversy about literary form?

—'The Bible Verified,' by the Rev. Andrew W. Archibald, D.D., of Davenport, Iowa, has passed to a third edition, besides being translated into Spanish.

—Prof. Charles Waldstein, head of the American School of Archaeology at Athens, will describe 'The Finding of the Tomb of Aristotle' in the July *Century*. The attribution of this grave to the famous Greek philosopher is not proved beyond a doubt, but Prof. Waldstein marshals an imposing array of facts to support his theory. The paper on the architectural problems of the World's Fair will treat of the Agricultural Building and Mr. George B. Post's great structure for Manufactures and Liberal Arts.

—At its 138th Commencement, last week, Columbia College conferred upon Mr. Stedman the degree of Doctor of Letters, and upon President Schurman of Cornell, that of Doctor of Laws.

—Mascagni's opera, 'L'Amico Fritz,' was produced by the American Opera Company, at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, on Wednesday of last week, being sung in the original Italian. The performance was the first to be given in America. The same company gave at the same place, last year, the first perform-

ance in America of the composer's 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' The present work is declared to be inferior to its predecessor, as Erckmann-Chatrian's 'L'Ami Fritz,' upon which the libretto is founded, is less dramatic than Verga's story upon which the 'Cavalleria' was based.

—The Sargent prize of \$100 for the best metrical translation of an ode of Horace, open for competition to students of Harvard College or of the Harvard Annex, was awarded on Tuesday to Margaret Foster Herrick of the Annex. This is the second successive year the prize has been won by one of the young women students.

—T. E. of Detroit writes to us as follows:—"In your issue of March 26 you say you doubt whether Tennyson's song, 'Ask me No More,' in 'The Princess,' is surpassed in all English literature as an example of monosyllabic verse, as of its 125 words, 118 are monosyllables. To which a correspondent replies, giving a poem by Elizabeth Akers (Allen) containing 252 words, all of which are monosyllables, and doubting whether *this* is surpassed in all English literature. The enclosed twenty-eight lines, however, by the late Rev. Dr. Addison Alexander, contain 280 words, every one a monosyllable. Dr. Alexander wrote them, it is said, *impromptu*, at a single sitting, to show the force of monosyllables, giving to each line, as he intended, ten and only ten words."

—'Norway and the Norwegians,' by C. F. Keary, which Charles Scribner's Sons will publish, is an attempt to supply information to travellers in Norway, on the politics, industry and literature of the land.

—The attempt to make Dove Cottage a memorial of Wordsworth has met with success. It is estimated that \$200 will be secured from entrance fees each year, and that the expenses will be only \$125. Between July 27, 1891, and May 23, 1892, there were 753 visitors, and it is predicted that double this number will come when the fact that the cottage is open to the public becomes generally known.

—Queen Elizabeth of Roumania ('Carmen Sylva') has completed at Pallauya a new volume of poems, entitled 'Lake Songs.'

—A Mr. Piggott, who has lived for some time in Japan, has written a book on the gardens of that country, with illustrations by himself. Ruskin's publisher, Mr. George Allen, will bring it out. Seventy-five copies will be issued—very appropriately—on Japanese paper.

—Miss Olive Schreiner has sent to London the manuscript of a new novel with enough other material to make an additional volume of South African sketches.

—Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss has had a special binding made for a copy of 'The History of the Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington as the First President of the United States,' just published by D. Appleton & Co., which he intends to present to President Harrison. Copies of the work will be sent, with the compliments of the Committee, to the National Government at Washington, to each of the States and Territories, to the City of New York, and to England, France, Spain, Holland and Sweden, whose representatives were present at the inauguration in 1789. Among those who have subscribed for the book are William M. Evarts, Archbishop Corrigan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, Vice-President Morton and the Governors of several of the Eastern States.

—For a few days last week there was exhibited at Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s offices in East Seventeenth Street a choice little library of about 500 volumes destined for the Army Mess at the West Point Military Academy. It includes sets of Emerson, Whittier, Bret Harte, Dickens, Thackeray, Winsor's 'History of America' and 'The Century Dictionary,' the books being substantially bound in full crushed morocco, of various colors. The library is the gift of Mr. Edward C. Spofford, who has previously made a similar gift to the cruiser New York.

—The following paragraph is clipped from *The St. James's Gazette*:—

Success does not seem to make some, at all events, of our novelists any the less conscientious in their work. A very short time ago we read in the *New York Critic* that Mr. George Moore had been to the trouble of entirely re-writing the first half of his novel 'Vain Fortune' for the American market, having stipulated that he should be allowed to do so when he sold the American rights to Messrs. Scribner. And last week we learned from *The Athenaeum* that the first form of 'The Scapgoat,' which so supremely satisfied Mr. Gladstone and a flattering multitude of lesser readers, did not satisfy Mr. Hall Caine himself, so that he set about very largely to re-write that most successful of last year's works of fiction. The voluntary undertaking of toil of this kind by novelists for whose new work there is a ready and profitable market argues in them a literary conscientiousness which would be creditable even in the superior critic. * * *

—At Ansonia, Conn., on June 9, all the shops were closed, and the day devoted to the dedication of a public library given to the town by Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes of New York, in honor of Anson Greene Phelps (her grandfather, and the founder of Ansonia), James Stokes and his wife Caroline Phelps Stokes. The building cost between \$35,000 and \$40,000; and Miss Stokes has supplemented this gift with another, a fountain, to stand on the point of the triangle on which the library was built. It is of polished Scotch granite, twelve feet high. There are two inscriptions on the column. That on the globe reads:—"Blessed are the merciful"; while just above the supply-pipe is the following:—"In Memoriam. Anna Sewell, author of 'Black Beauty.'"

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe celebrated her eighty-first birthday at Hartford, on Tuesday. As usual on these anniversaries, a floral tribute came from her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mrs. Franklin Chamberlin, a near neighbor, sent a bouquet of roses and received a note of thanks in Mrs. Stowe's handwriting, in which she said: "My pilgrimage has been long, and will end happily, surrounded by such friends and neighbors." The physical health of Mrs. Stowe is remarkably good at present. Her mind is clear when she is writing.

—Mr. Poultney Bigelow's Danube articles, describing his canoe voyage down that river in 1891, will shortly be published under the title 'Paddles and Politics Down the Danube.' The book will contain numerous illustrations by the author, and will be issued in Charles L. Webster & Co.'s 'Fiction, Fact and Fancy Series,' uniform with the same writer's volume on 'The German Emperor.' The cable brings word, by the way, that Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Frederic Remington have just been expelled from Russia, where they were canoeing along the Baltic coast.

—The 'feature' of *Sun and Shade* for June is a portrait of Mr. Howells (good in some respects, but not wholly satisfactory), from a photograph by Cox.

—Mr. Garrett P. Serviss has followed his pamphlet on his 'From Chaos to Man' lecture, with one dealing with his interesting discourse on a 'Trip to the Moon.' It is not a verbatim report, but rather a summary of Mr. Serviss's actual words on the stage.

—Mr. J. M. Barrie, author of 'The Little Minister,' etc., has just lost his dearest friend, the Rev. James Winter, pastor at Bower, Caithness, who was thrown from his horse and killed. The novelist's sister was to have been married to Mr. Winter in three weeks. Her uncle preached his funeral sermon, and her brother sent to the Session and Congregation of Bower a letter which closed as follows:—

This is a word from her brother, who cannot leave her to come to the funeral of his dearest friend, the purest soul I have ever known. It is a word about her. You have never seen her, but you knew him, and they have always been so alike in the depths of their religious feelings, in their humility, and in many other things you knew about him, and loved him for, that you may always think of them as one. There were four years and a half of their love-story, and it began the hour they first met. It never had a moment's break: there was always something pathetic about it, for they never parted and they never wrote but solemnly and tenderly, as if it might be for the last time. The wistfulness of his face, which you must all have noticed, meant early death. They both felt that the one would soon be taken from the other, though he thought that he would be the survivor. Theirs was so pure a love that God was ever part of it. Let all the youth of Bower remember that there is no other love between man and woman save that.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1861.—I have in my possession an autograph sonnet by Bayard Taylor, which I have every reason to believe has never been published. It was written for and given to a gentleman of this city in 1852 at Constantinople, when Taylor was about to leave for Calcutta to join the Com. Perry Expedition to Japan. I have examined all the volumes of Taylor's works in our local Public Library to see if the poem is included in his published works, and have been unable to find it. It is possible, however, that it may have been in one of the first editions of his earlier poems and these are not within my reach. The sonnet is entitled 'The Orient' and begins:—"The bliss of slumber unto weary eyes." I think that at this date—1852—Taylor had published but two volumes of poems, 'Ximena' and 'Poems of the Orient.' If the poem in ques-

tion was ever published, it must have been in the second of these. If you can give me any information on the subject, it will be gratefully received.

CHICAGO, ILL.

C. H. H., Jr.

[In answer to this question, Mrs. Bayard Taylor sends us the following note:—The sonnet entitled "The Orient" has not been published in any of the editions of my husband's Poems. In a MS. book Mr. Taylor gave to Mr. R. H. Stoddard before publishing his "Poems of the Orient," it is dated "Constantinople," and most likely it was not included in the above-mentioned volume, because Mr. Taylor was not satisfied with the sonnet.]

1862.—Can you tell me anything about the prospect of new volumes of the Life of Sumner, by Edward L. Pierce? The first two volumes, published about 15 years ago, brought the history down to 1845, and were singularly interesting and successful.

CHICAGO.

C. S. H.

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Azarias, Brother. Phases of Thought and Criticism. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Barrie, J. M. When a Man's Single. \$1. Lovell, Coryell & Co.
Berger, F. French Conversations. Boston: Thompson, Brown & Co.
Bradbury, W. F. Academic Geometry. 75c. Macmillan & Co.
Clark, W. Walt Whitman. 90c. P. F. Collier.
Connolly, J. H. The Crystal's Secret. 25c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Conway, M. D. Life of Thomas Paine. 2 vols. \$3. Macmillan & Co.
Crawford, F. M. Saracinesca. \$1. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Cree, N. Direct Legislation by the People. 75c. L. Vanderpoole & Co.
Crinkle, N. The Primrose Path of Dalliance. 50c. Phila.: Am. Academy of Political and Social Science.
Dana, R. H. Australian System of Voting in Massachusetts. 50c.

Davy, E. M. A Daughter of Earth. 25c.
Dawe, W. C. Mount Desolation. \$1.50.
Denney, J. Epistles to the Thessalonians. \$1.50.
Duchess, The. The Lady Patty. 50c.
Gouin, F. Art of Teaching and Studying Languages. V. Béth. 72. 6d.
Graham, P. A. The Rural Exodus. 25. 6d.
Gray, E. McQ. My Stewardship. 32. 6d.
Habberton, J. How It Came About. 25c.
Hall, B. Who Pays Your Taxes? \$1.25.
Hawthorne, J. A Messenger from the Unknown. 25c.
Hodder, E. The Siberian Exiles' Children. \$1.25.
Hopkins, L. P. Spirit of the New Education.
Hylton, J. D. Motion, Space and Time.
King, C. F. The Land We Live In. 50c.
Kobbe, G. Plays for Amateurs. 50c.
Lebas, A. Fiddler's Fancies.
Letourneau, C. Property: Its Origin and Development. \$1.25.
Life of Our Lord. 50c.
Lynch, H. Daughters of Men. \$1.25.
MacEwen, C. A Cavalier's Lady. 32. 6d.
Malot, H. Anle. 25c.
Mascagni, P. Friend Fritz.
Mather, J. M. Nineteenth Century Poets. \$1.
McClelland, M. G. Manitou Island. \$1.
Muller, D. Links from Broken Chains.
Nasmith, D. Makers of Modern Thought. 2 vols.
Optic, O. A Millionaire at Sixteen. \$1.25.
O'Rell, M. A Frenchman in America. 50c.
Prowse, R. O. The Poison of Asps. 6s.
Sherman, B. M. L'Ombra. 50c.
Simpson, W. G. The Art of Golf. \$4.
Stevens, B. F. Facsimiles of MSS., etc. Vol. XIII. \$25.
Talks on Grafology. \$1.
Thomson, W. H. Materialism and Modern Physiology. 75c.
Thompson, M. S. Rhythmical Gymnastics.
Tourgee, A. W. Pactolus Prime. 50c.
Tremain, M. Slavery in the District of Columbia. \$1.
Trowbridge, J. T. Father Brightshoes. \$1.25.
Verses to Order.
Wright, J. A. How to Get Good Judges. 75c. San Francisco, Cal.: S. Carson Co.

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Cassell Pub. Co.
A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Tr. by H. Swan and
London: G. Philip & Sons.
London: Methuen & Co.
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P. F. Collier.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
P. F. Collier.
Hunt & Eaton.
Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Palmyra, N. J.
Boston: Lee & Shepard.
H. Roerbach.
C. H. Ditson & Co.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.
P. Warne & Co.
U. S. Book Co.
London: Methuen & Co.
P. F. Collier.
C. H. Ditson & Co.
F. Warne & Co.
H. Holt & Co.
Pub. by the Author.
London: Geo. Philip & Son.
Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Cassell Pub. Co.
London: Methuen & Co.
Lovell, Coryell & Co.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
London: B. F. Stevens.
Boston: Lee & Shepard.
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